

The Tragedie

Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And therevpon he sends you this good newes:
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on Richards side,
To barre my maisters heires in true discent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.

Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue month hence,
That they who brought me in my Maisters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell the Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on it.

Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous, and so fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray: and so twill doo
With some men els, who thinke themselves as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do, and I haue well deserued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-speare man?
Feare you the Boare and goe so vnprouided?

Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby
You may iest on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like these seuerall counsels I.

Hast. My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do protest,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,
I would be so tryumphant as I am?

Sta. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London
Were iocund, and supposde their states was sure,

And

of Richard

And indeed had no cause to m
But yet you see how soone the
This sudden scab of rancor I n
Pray God, I say, I proue a nee
But come my L. shall we to th

Ha. I go: but stay, heare you
This day those men you talke

Sta. They for their truth mi
Then some that haue accusde
But come my L. let vs away.

Ha. Go you before, Ile follo

Enter Hastings

Hast. Well met Hastings, how

Pur. The better that it pleas

Hast. I tell thee fellow, tis be
Then when I met thee last wh
Then was I going prisoner to t
By the suggestion of the Quee
But now I tell thee (keepe it to
This day those enemies are pu
And I in better state then euer

Pur. God hold it to your H

Hast. Gramercy Hastings, ho

He giues h

Pur. God saue your Lordship

Hast. What sir Iohn, you are
I am beholding to you for you
Come the next Sabbath, and I

Enter Bucking

Buc. How now Lord Ch
Your friends at Pomfret they d
Your Honour hath no shruin

Hast. Good faith, and when
Those men you talke of, came
What, go you to the Tower m

Buc. I do, but long I shall ne
I shall returne before your Lor

Hast. Tis like enough, for

Buc. And supper too, althou